

**Wrong Remedy.**  
"Is it true," asked the caller, "that your husband ordered Dr. Smoother out of the house?"  
"Yes. Poor Jack had been carrying the baby all night and every night for a week, and was run down to a thread. I called the doctor, and he told Jack that he must take exercise."—Detroit Free Press.

**Nothing to Hinder Now.**  
Lover—You are getting prettier every day.  
Sweet Girl—Just now I am living on brown bread and water, to improve my complexion.  
"How long can you keep that up?"  
"Oh, indefinitely."  
"Then let's get married."—N. Y. Weekly.

**May Get There on Time.**  
Penderis—I've made an awful mistake. I sent a messenger boy up to Miss Casley's with a lot of flowers, thinking it was her birthday, and now I learn that her birthday is to-morrow.  
Warrington—That's all right; the messenger boy may get there in time.—Tit-Bits.

**Rusty.**  
A little three-year-old miss, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in a peculiar noise and asked what it was.  
"A cricket, dear," replied the mother.  
"Well," remarked the little lady, "he ought to get himself killed."—Young People's Paper.

**Way of Matrimony.**  
Some men achieve matrimony, some have it thrust upon them, and others are lucky enough to escape it altogether.—Chicago Daily News.

**Hangs On.**  
It's mighty funny how a woman's hair can begin to turn red about the time you think it is ready to turn gray.—N. Y. Press.

**Shells of the Pacific.**  
As one travels south along the Pacific coast the shells become more brilliant in their colorings.

**What Attracted Him.**  
"Did he fall in love at first sight?"  
"Yes; first sight of her bank account."—Princeton Tiger.

## IN GREAT DISTRESS

VOMITING SPELLS LONG RESISTED EVERY EFFORT TO CHECK.

Mrs. Brooks Became So Weak She Thinks She Would Have Died But For Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Sarah L. Brooks, of No. 45 Lincoln Park, Chicago, Illinois, gives the following account of her cure from distressing spells of vomiting:

"For five years off and on I was treated in vain by different doctors for relief from a stomach trouble which showed itself in frequent and trying spells of vomiting. Part of the time I was able to work and again I would be confined to bed for three or four days in succession.

"My stomach was at times so delicate that it would not retain even plain water. The spells would sometimes occur at intervals of half an hour, and would leave me so weak that I would be compelled to lie down between them. I would have several of them during the night following a day of such attacks. Finally I became so weakened that I had to give up working altogether. I weighed only ninety-four pounds.

"Last January I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in one of the Chicago daily papers and bought a box and began to use them. After I had used half a box I found that I could keep on my stomach the food I ate. I was encouraged by this and kept on using the pills for four months. At the end of that time the vomiting spells had ceased altogether and my weight went up to 142 pounds and is still growing.

"I think I surely would have died if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for I sometimes vomited clear blood, and for three or four days at a time I could not eat a bite of anything. One doctor said I had chronic inflammation of the stomach, and another said my difficulty was a cancer, but none of their medicines did me any good at all. Finally I concluded that I did not have blood enough to digest my food and I began the treatment that has cured me. I can eat anything now, and have strength for all kinds of work. I always keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on hand, and I recommend them to my friends because I know they cured me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills agree with the most delicate stomachs and strengthen the digestive organs until they do their work perfectly. They are sold by all druggists.

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**St. Louis**

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to the  
**World's Fair**

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**WARREN J. LYNCH,**  
C. F. and T. Agent, Cincinnati, O.

## YOU ALL KNOW HIM.

He's quite a well-intentioned man—but oh, it is a sin.  
The way that he's addicted to the vice of butting in.  
He makes himself more trouble and plague other folk as well.  
The scrapes it's brought him into it would never do to tell.  
He never minds his business, has no time to attend  
To that and other people's, and he wouldn't slight a friend.  
He's proof against a snubbing, it's no earthly use to try  
To make him keep his finger from the other fellow's pie.

He's trying to be helpful, you are confident of that.  
He thinks that his suggestions are invariably pat.  
He'll show you how to do things in the way they should be done;  
He'll give you his opinions on all things beneath the sun.  
Wherever people gather for discussion, though it be  
Of strictly private matters, you can never make him see  
By voice or tone or manner any earthly reason why  
He shouldn't have a finger in their confidential pie.

And innocent about it! That's the trouble, don't you know.  
Your hints are always wasted, so one hasn't any show.  
I've mentioned that he never can quite comprehend a snub,  
A kick would be too brutal and one cannot use a club.  
And so we bear his poking and his prying as we can,  
Because we know there really is no harm about the man.  
But oh, he is a trial! And we're all constrained to sigh  
When he comes near us eager for a finger in the pie.  
—Chicago Daily News.

## HER PINK WRAPPER

By STELLA BELDING

THERE is a place where the leaves grow more profoundly green in summer, redder and more golden in autumn, and where the brilliant eternity of sky is of a deeper sapphire hue. Thus is slumberous Greenton Valley.

Here a tiny cottage stood, white and rose embowered, idyllic, poetic, and charged with the gentle Virginia grace of ancient Italy. It was set in a garden laid off with academic primness. Yellow dwarf roses reared their idle, creamy heads beside such lurid effects of nature as red and white chrysanthemums; a sisterhood of passionate red dahlias flaunted away in the sunshine opposite nunlike lilies; and an infinity of little ox-eyed pansies made for borders. It was a most delectable garden indeed.

Sweet Ernestine Tebbis looked up from her gardening, prettily perplexed, as Col. Sam Raphael Bell shut the absurd toy of a white gate with an announcing click. Everything was on a doll-like, miniature scale.

Ernestine's fingers were buried in the rich, clean loam. By her side a huge pair of shears lay, the only thing of consequential size about the place. She raised her hand and pushed back her hair from her forehead, and settled the flapping proportions of her garden hat on the crown of her head. The colonel thought gardening such a pretty, pretty pastime.

"I see you've had your shutters painted," remarked the colonel, with originality.

"Um-um, yes," faltered Ernestine, with a streak of the same element.

Then she added, softly: "I did it."

The colonel laughed his hearty, regimental laugh, and flushed rather under the healthy tan of his skin.

"I must confess you made a striking success of it," he said, letting his eyes wander over the six gingerbread windows of this doll house. Everything was so delightfully, ridiculously, absurdly neat and tidy and clean and prim. And the girl before him was remarkably pretty, with her fresh morning face, her silky fawn-brown hair, and her long, flowerlike hands that now lay loosely clasped over her dimpled knees.

The morning wrapper she wore was worthy of being called an invention. And it was a product of her own imagination. It was crisp and very pink and clean, with an infinity of loops and bows and ruffles, and last, but not least, a honeycomb yoke and peekaboo sleeves. Ernestine was also the author of her hat.

This delicious precision and tidiness about the doll house was balm upon the clearly, order-loving soul of Col. Bell.

"I'm really just curious enough to want to know how you managed, Miss Ernestine," he said, expanding his military chest with the clean, fresh air of Greenton Valley, as he seated himself beside Ernestine.

She bit in her under lip. There was an almost dangerous sweetness lurking about the corners of her round mouth.

Suddenly she laughed outright, and drooped her head, burying her charming, dimpling face in her rosy hands.

"Oh! I'm almost ashamed to tell you," she said, hardly audible. "It's so ridiculous, but then it seems to me that everything that happens during these summers here is ridiculous."

"Miss Ernestine," said the colonel, with unction, "I promise to keep perfectly sober."

"Well, then, I'll tell you."

She sighed a delectable little dirling sigh that thrilled straight through the colonel and finally lodged in his heart.

The yellow, impalpable sunshine beat down upon them, and over them brooded the eternity of lustrous sapphire sky.

"You see it's just this way," began Ernestine, "there are only two of us, of course, and my sister, being past mistress of expedients and strategy, suggested that we make a stepladder of our household goods. So we piled chairs and tables up from the ground and down from the windows, and I stood on these and held to the frame while I painted."

The colonel glanced up at the trim, muslin curtained, gingerbread windows that looked out of the wall like three staring eyes slightly askew.

"But why didn't you take the shutters off to paint them, Miss Ernestine?" exclaimed the colonel, inspirationally.

Ernestine extended her pretty hands in a tender little movement of appeal to the colonel. She pressed her glowing morning face down among the cool leaves and blossoms of the chrysanthemums.

"Oh, don't tell me, at this late day, dear colonel, that shutters come off!"

She was very tempting as she sat there in her trim little garden, her bright head catching and holding the sunlight like a jewel. She herself was like a rare gem, on which one discovered new and beautiful facets at every turn. Her charms were very penetrating, very many, very appealing.

The colonel took counsel with himself. He intended telling a falsehood, he also intended giving it away with the great white light of truth.

"No, Miss Ernestine," he said, "I think you were quite right. It has always been my theory that shutters look better afterward when painted on the house. I do not know why; but that has always been my experience."

She looked up at him gratefully, and he felt repaid.

Presently the colonel left, followed by his Irish setter Lodusky. For quite a few minutes after on the homeward walk he could see nothing very distinctly but sweet Ernestine's graceful figure, the peculiar poise of her head, the charming gestures of her hands, the dreamy, German sweetness of her face. And this delightful picture was framed in a border of dancing light and shadow, chrysanthemums, dwarf roses, and delectable, inspiring cleanliness and order.

The colonel had attained a certain age. He had often seen his sisters in the matutinal hours display themselves in, well, perhaps picturesque disarray one might call it, if one were disposed to be lenient. The colonel wished to commit himself not swiftly. He desired his future wife to be his most dainty, his most beautiful, plaything and idol. There was, perhaps a dash of Bagdad and the far east in the make-up of Col. Bell. He would call on Miss Ernestine very early to-morrow morning; and then, perhaps—

"Is it eight o'clock yet?" yawned Ernestine, turning over in bed and presenting a white rampart of back to her sister's sleepy face.

"Yes," came the muffled answer.

Ernestine rose, yawned again, pressed her hands to her frowzy head and stretched herself luxuriously, blinking hard to open her eyes. She sent out one small foot to feel about on the floor for the badly down-trodden slippers that lay hidden under the pile of ruffled bedclothes that had slipped to the floor during the night.

Ernestine groaned audibly, the room was so intolerably, deplorably untidy.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Ernestine crossly, then stopped suddenly as a rather sick looking wrapper came down over her head and shut off utterance. "Do get up, Anne, everything is in such a nasty mess."

She kicked a roll of soiled towels into a corner, and threw a bunch of withered roses into the brimming slop basin. When the shutters were flung open she stepped for a moment before the mirror. In it she saw a most dowdy little figure. She nearly laughed out loud. Her beautiful hair was tumbled about her shoulders and standing absurdly at sixes and sevens. Traces of yesterday morning's chocolate adorned her wrapper front.

"I certainly am a little—fright!" she laughed.

She thought languidly of the transformation that would take place when she donned the fresh pink wrapper now lying across the back of a chair in the next room, and of the effect of a knot of young rosebuds at the belt.

The beat of footsteps sounded in the hall. The girls stopped short, and their eyes met. They came upsettingly near, then ceased. The sisters still stood transfixed, looking at each other.

An inquiring, long, brown nose was softly protruded within the crack of the door.

"Lodusky!" screamed Ernestine Tebbis, running to him and beginning to pat his head vigorously.

"Col. Bell!" ejaculated her sister. Ernestine had long since raised quick costume to the level of a science.

Very shortly she emerged distractingly pretty, captivating, immaculate as the morning, and in time to gather a few blossoms for her throat as she tripped down the gravel walk to meet the unregenerate colonel. She was as fresh and sweet as one of her own favorite blush roses that bloomed at her feet, as she faced the colonel in that most delectable of pink morning wrappers. She looked up at him, archly, coyly, from out the shadow of her great garden hat.

"Good morning," he said, abruptly. "Miss Ernestine, pray pardon such an early morning call, but—"

She put out her soft, white hand quickly and laid it on his, pressing it gently.

"Dear colonel," she said, "I find the early, early morning the most beautiful part of the day. Why apologize?"

She let her hand drop. His own still tingled, he felt her little fingertips resting in his palm. The colonel's face was overspread with a not conventional beatitude, for had she not stood the supreme test, and come out with not only flying, but scrupulously clean, colors. He twined his arm about her, drawing her into the shadow of a tree near by, and whispered a few hurried words in her ear. Lodusky lay on the gravel and stared at them with an unfathomable look in his eyes.

It was very quiet, not a leaf stirred in slumberous Greenton valley.—National Magazine.

Men often meet as antagonists to separate with expressions of friendliness.

## THE KEGS WERE LIGHTER.

Dr. Lorimer's Easy Explanation of an Apparently Difficult Performance.

Rev. George C. Lorimer, whose death at Aix was recently reported, was the main impetus that carried on the building of Boston's magnificent Tremont Temple, and Dr. Lorimer's wit, sincerity and imaginative sympathy made him a great favorite with the students of Harvard during his residence in Boston.

At Cambridge, one day, according to a current story, an undergraduate asked the opinion of Dr. Lorimer on drinking—moderate drinking.

"I am opposed to it," the clergyman said. "It is perilous. It frequently leads to drunkenness. In fact, most drunkards were moderate drinkers first."

"Naturally, most liquors and wines, though, are strengthening, aren't they?" the student asked.

Dr. Lorimer smiled.

"Beer," he said, "is very strengthening. I have known young men to have sent to their rooms large kegs of beer that they could not budge at first, and a day or two later they would be able to lift these kegs with ease."

**Insurmountable.**

An indignant letter dictated by a clever old gentleman runs thus: "Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot express it; but you, being neither, can readily divine it."—Argonaut.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Beets make alcohol. The converse of this proposition is also true.—Judge.

Straw votes show which way the hot air blows.—Judge.

## MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Oct. 5.	
CATTLE—Common	\$2 25 @ 3 60
Heavy steers	4 65 @ 5 00
CALVES—Extra	7 25 @ 7 50
HOGS—Ch. packers	5 90 @ 6 10
Mixed packers	5 60 @ 5 85
SHEEP—Extra	3 35 @ 3 40
LAMBS—Extra	5 75 @ 5 85
FLOUR—Spring pat.	6 35 @ 6 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 20 @ 1 20 1/2
No. 3 winter	1 18 @ 1 18
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	56 1/2 @ 57
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	37 @ 37 1/2
RYE—No. 2	85 @ 87
HAY—Ch. timothy	12 25 @ 12 50
PORK—Mess	13 05 @ 13 10
LARD—Steam	7 40 @ 7 50
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.	13 @ 13
Choice creamery	22 @ 22
APPLES—Choice	1 75 @ 2 25
POTATOES—Per bbl	1 40 @ 1 50
TOBACCO—New	5 25 @ 12 25
Old	4 75 @ 14 50

Chicago.	
FLOUR—Winter pat.	5 30 @ 5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 10 1/2 @ 1 12 1/2
No. 3 spring	1 10 @ 1 13
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	53 @ 53
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	30 1/2 @ 30 3/4
RYE—No. 2	76 1/2 @ 76 1/2
PORK—Mess	11 60 @ 11 70
LARD—Steam	7 60 @ 7 62 1/2

New York.	
FLOUR—Win. str's.	5 20 @ 5 46
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 16 1/2 @ 1 16 3/4
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	57 1/2 @ 57 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	36 @ 36
PORK—Mess	15 50 @ 15 50
LARD—Steam	8 15 @ 8 15

Baltimore.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 04 @ 1 15
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	52 @ 52
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	41 @ 41
CATTLE—Steers	4 85 @ 5 25
HOGS—Western	6 15 @ 6 75

Louisville.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 16 @ 1 16
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	57 @ 57
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	35 @ 35
LARD—Steam	7 75 @ 7 75
PORK—Mess	13 50 @ 13 50

Indianapolis.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 17 1/2 @ 1 17 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	55 1/2 @ 55 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	32 @ 32



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Two severe cases of Ovarian Trouble and two terrible operations avoided. Mrs. Emmons and Mrs. Coleman each tell how they were saved by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am so pleased with the results obtained from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I feel it a duty and a privilege to write you about it."

"I suffered for more than five years with ovarian troubles, causing an unpleasant discharge, a great weakness, and at times a faintness would come over me which no amount of medicine, diet, or exercise seemed to correct. Your Vegetable Compound found the weak spot, however, within a few weeks—and saved me from an operation—all my troubles had disappeared, and I found myself once more healthy and well. Words fail to describe the real, true, grateful feeling that is in my heart, and I want to tell every sick and suffering sister. Don't dally with medicines you know nothing about, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and take my word for it, you will be a different woman in a short time."—MRS. LAURA EMMONS, Walkerville, Ont.

## Another Case of Ovarian Trouble Cured Without an Operation.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For several years I was troubled with ovarian trouble and a painful and inflamed condition, which kept me in bed part of the time. I did so dread a surgical operation. "I tried different remedies hoping to get better, but nothing seemed to bring relief until a friend who had been cured of ovarian trouble, through the use of your compound, induced me to try it. I took it faithfully for three months, and at the end of that time was glad to find that I was a well woman. Health is nature's best gift to woman, and if you lose it and can have it restored through Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel that all suffering women should know of this."—MRS. LAURA BELLE COLEMAN, Commercial Hotel, Nashville, Tenn.

It is well to remember such letters as above when some druggist tries to get you to buy something which he says is "just as good." That is impossible, as no other medicine has such a record of cures as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; accept no other and you will be glad.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your sickness you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address Lynn, Mass.

**\$5000 FORFEIT** If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness, Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company have recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 12, in which is described the best territory in this country for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables. Every dealer in such products should address a postcard to the undersigned at DEBQUE, IOWA, requesting a copy of Circular No. 12.  
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